

The Historie of

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, & coosin Glendower, will you sit downe:  
And vncke Worcester; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Map.

Glen. No, here it is; sit Coosin Percy, sit good Coosin Hotspur;  
for by that name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you, his  
Cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh he wisheth you in  
Heauen.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower  
spoke of.

Glen. I can not blame him; at my natiuitie,  
The front of Heauen was full of fire shapes,  
Of burning Cressets: and at my birth,  
The frame and foundation of the Earth  
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why so it would haue done at the same season, if your  
Mothers Cat had but kitened, though your selfe had neuer bin  
borne.

Glen. I say the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Hot. And I say the Earth was not of my minde,  
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glen. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh! then the Earth shooke to see the Heauens on fire,  
And not in feare of your Natiuitie:

Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes foorth  
In strange eruptions, and the teeming Earth,  
Is with a kind of Collicke pincht and vext,  
By the imprisoning of vnruely Winde  
Within her wombe, which for enlargement strining,  
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and toples downe  
Steeple, and mos-growne Towers. At your Birth  
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature,  
In passion shooke.

Glen. Coosin, of many men  
I doe not beare these crosings: giue me leaue  
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth,  
The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,  
The Goates ran from the Mountaines; and the Heardes  
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened Fieldes,

These

Henry the fourth

These signes haue markt me extre  
And all the courses of my life do  
I am not in the roll of common mo  
Where is the liuing, clipt in with  
That chides the Bankes of Englan  
Which calls me Pupill, or hath rea  
And bring him out, that is but W  
Can trace me in the tedious waye  
And hold me pace in deepe exper

Hot. I thinke there's no man f  
He to dinner.

Mor. Peace coosen Percy, you

Glen. I can call Spirits from th

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can a  
But will they come, when you do

Glen. Why, I can teach thee co

Hot. And I can teach thee coo  
By telling truth. Tell truth, and s

If thou haue power to raise him, b  
And He be sworne, I haue power

Oh while you liue, tell truth, and  
Mor. Come, come no more of

Glen. Three times hath Henry  
Against my power, thrice from th

And Sandy bottom'd Seuerne ha  
Bootles home, and weather-beat

Hot. Home without bootes, a  
How scapes he agues in the duels

Glen. Come, here is the Map, f  
According to our threefold order

Mor. The Arch-deacon hath d  
Into three limits, very equally:

England from Trent, and Seuerne hi  
By South and East, is to my part a

All Westward, Wales beyond the  
And all the fertile land within th

To Owen Glendower: and deare co  
The remnant Northward, lying c

E.